

The Miracle at Bended Spur

By Edward Childs Carpenter

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Dr. Bruce McFarland shook the mercury down into the bulb, and, with the air of an old practitioner, turned to Joe Jennings, foreman of the Bended Spur gold mine. "Here," commanded the young physician, "stick that under your tongue, and don't bite it."

Jennings, who was thrashing about on a cot in Fallon's hotel, snatched the thermometer and flung it savagely across the room. It narrowly missed the proprietor of that famous resort, and broke into fragments against the unplastered wall.

"You're a idiot!" was Fallon's comment. "If I was the Doc, I'd break your face."

With an oath, the sick man consigned McFarland to eternal damnation. Then, growing indignant, he continued: "I didn't send no sheriff's posse after him. Who the devil asked him to hang up his shingle in the Spur, any way? Was anybody sick here afore he come? No, I guess not! And now Wally's down with the pip, Carson's kids has the measles, and all hell's broke loose in my interior."

"You'd better quit the job," advised Fallon, addressing McFarland, who was bending over his surgical case.

"Not yet," returned the doctor, as he uncorked a small blue bottle and loaded a needle-pointed syringe. "I'm going to give him a hypodermic injection of morphine."

"Morphine? That's poison! Ain't it dangerous?" queried the Irishman.

"Yes, but not in the quantity I'm using."

Jennings was suffering too much to notice the action of McFarland, who deftly caught the miner's wrist and jabbed the needle under the bronzed skin.

With a howl of pain, Jennings struck at the physician, who warded off the blow and pinned his patient's arms to the cot. "If you've got sense enough to keep quiet for a few minutes," he remarked calmly, "you'll feel a lot better. You're a sick man, and this nonsense will only make you worse. It looks like typhoid," he added, after a little, releasing his hold.

Jennings became quiet and soon passed off into a doze.

"Joe's the popularest man in the Spur," commented Fallon, making for the door. "Do your best for him, Doc. I'm goin' down to the bar to tell the boys how he's doin'."

McFarland sat by the window, looking absently over the mountains, thinking of his bride of six months, left behind in Denver. Presently he took a letter from his pocket and read it through. The last paragraph worried him. It ran:

You have been gone a month now, long enough to know if the place is fit for me. But I shall try to be patient and wait a week longer. Then, if you do not come to me, I shall go to you.

Your lonely one.

KATHARINE.

He was still intent upon his letter when Jennings stirred. The young man went to the cot. Conscious, but still under the calming influence of the drug, the miner permitted him to make a thorough examination.

"Yes, it's typhoid," he muttered. "No more morphine. The disease must run its course without further medication."

McFarland had no sooner made this decision than Jennings, again convulsed with pain, begged for another hypodermic. When it was refused him he reached to a chair close by his cot, fumbled among his clothes, and produced a six-shooter.

"Look here, young feller," he threatened, propping himself up on one elbow and leveling the pistol, "if you don't give me one of them doses quicker than I can count ten, I'll give you a pill that ain't in no way calculated to preserve your health."

McFarland shook his head and laughed. "You can't bully me, old man!"

"Are you goin' to give me that hyper thing?"

"No."

McFarland almost felt the brush of a bullet and was deafened by a pistol shot. He was only assured that he was not dead when he heard Jennings' mirthful comment, "That's about as close as I can come without hittin'."

The smoke had mostly cleared away when Fallon rushed into the room. He was amazed to see McFarland administering an injection to the belligerent patient. In ten minutes Jennings was asleep again.

"I've had enough of this, Fallon," snapped the young man, packing his surgical case. "I don't propose to practice medicine under mob rule."

Fallon sighed. "I don't blame you, but if I call at the shack, Doc, you'll advise me concernin' them baths and feedin' fer him, won't you?"

"Oh, I'll do whatever I can in that line as long as I stay, but I won't answer for the result."

It was in an unhappy state of mind that McFarland returned to his cabin. Clearly there was no use in trying to establish a practice in Bended Spur. He would get out as soon as he had the storekeeper's child cured of measles. Calculating that he might get a letter off by the stage, which left

that afternoon, he wrote a nasty note to his wife, saying that she might expect him in Denver by the end of the week. But this letter was not mailed. As McFarland approached the postoffice, which stood across the road from Fallon's, Jennings, whose cot commanded a view of the thoroughfare, caught sight of his physician, and, in a delirium, seized his pistol and, more by accident than skill, shot McFarland through the leg. The sound of the shot brought Fallon and the loafers at the bar to the door. They picked the wounded man up and carried him into Jennings' room. There they laid him upon a cot beside that of the sick miner, and dressed his wound.

"Good shot—for a loony man, eh, Doc?" laughed one.

"Clipped a neat little hole right through the calf," joked another.

"Never broke a thing," observed Fallon. "You'll be fit to travel on crutches in a couple of days."

"I'll get good and square with Jennings for this," declared McFarland in a passion.

At which the assembly laughed, and Jennings, who had recovered his wits, grinned and said: "In the mean time, havin' collected your tools for him, I'd be obliged fer a jab of dope."

"All right, you idiot," retorted McFarland; "doctor yourself to death, for all I care. Give me that blue bottle and the needle, Fallon."

The Irishman dug them out of the case and examined them critically. "Look here, Doc, will this dope kill him?" he asked.

"No; but that's not the way to treat typhoid. Besides, I don't think he's got half the pain he says he has. I don't go with the disease. I believe he likes the effect."

It was decided, however, that since they were assured that the hypodermic injections, given in moderation, would not kill the patient, he should have them whenever the pain became intense.

In five days Jennings was dead; and on the day after his demise a vigilance committee, composed of friends of the late mine foreman, waited upon Dr. Bruce McFarland. It was very clear to the committee that he had hypodermically poisoned Jennings, in revenge for that shot through the leg. Had they not heard him declare that he would get even?

About a mile from the camp, and a hundred yards from the trail, stood a great blasted oak, pointing a solitary bare limb southward. In the distance this tree looked like a one-armed scarecrow. The vigilance committee found the spot to its liking. They placed McFarland under the gaunt limb, threw a noose over it, and fastened it about his neck.

"If you've got anything to say, say it quick," enjoined Davis, chairman of the committee. "It's noon, an' your time's up."

McFarland moistened his dry lips with his tongue, and began: "I know there's nothing that I can say which will convince you of my innocence; but I could prove it if you'd give me a chance. I propose to give myself the same sort of an injection as I gave Jennings. What do you say?"

Without waiting to hear the committee's decision, Fallon started back to the camp on a run. In the mean time there was a heated discussion of McFarland's proposition, but the majority voted against its acceptance.

"We've come to the conclusion," announced Davis, "that this proposition of yours is square enough, only we think that you'd a darn sight rather die with the dope than accordin' to regulations. And, not to be short with you, I'd remark that we opine as hangin' is just about good enough for you."

As Davis fastened a handkerchief about McFarland's eyes, the rattle of wheels and the drum of hoofs, coming from the direction of camp, startled the committee for a moment. They concluded, however, that it must be Fallon, who, in haste to return, had doubtless pressed a mule team into service. In this surmise they were correct, but, to their astonishment, he did not come alone. Beside him sat a dainty little woman—such a one as had never before invaded the district of Bended Spur—clinging tightly to his driving-arm. As the team swung clattering from the trail, she jumped from the wagon and ran toward the committee.

"No fool gal ain't goin' to butt into this ceremony," remarked Davis, advancing to meet her.

Fallon, with the surgical case in his hand, pushed his way through the group. The girl looked up at his appearance and said timorously: "Tell them!"

"This is McFarland's wife," he announced. The men looked from one to the other grimly. "She came up in the stage. She was waitin' in his shack for him when I broke in for the dope. I—I told her."

Davis touched the girl's shoulder. "It's tough, little girl," he muttered, "but—ah, Fallon, take her away."

She seized Davis, and his cold gray eyes shifted under the appealing look in her blue ones. "No, no," she entreated. "Listen! You—you believe he did this thing—very well—but you should give him a chance—to prove his innocence."

"We can't let him give himself no dope," returned Davis. "That'd be cheatin' justice. He's got to—to go the regulation way. We decided that."

"Of course, of course," she exclaimed readily; "but I've a better plan. Ask him if he is willing to give me an injection of morphine, such as you believe he used to kill your friend; and let its effect upon me determine—what—what you shall do with him."

"Kate! Kate!" he murmured, and tugged at the cord which bound his wrists behind him.

"We've decided to let you try it on,"

announced Davis, advancing to McFarland and removing bonds and bandage. "We don't want to make no mistakes, and maybe you ain't to blame; at least, we don't calculate you'd run the risk of puttin' this here gal out. Well, go ahead."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" exclaimed Kate.

McFarland looked at her and then at the men surrounding him. "What am I—what are you—to do?" he asked.

"You're to give her the same thing you gave him out of this blue bottle," answered Fallon, passing bottle and syringe for the inspection of the committee.

McFarland brightened up. "That's fair."

"Isn't it!" exclaimed the girl. "They all seem to know that you wouldn't hurt me." She looked at the committee with an all-embracing smile, and the committee grinned back sheepishly.

"You are satisfied that this is the drug and the syringe that I used?" asked McFarland, taking them from Davis.

There was a chorus of "yes" from Fallon and several of the men who had witnessed the administration of hypodermics to the late Joe Jennings.

"Then, I am ready, dear," said the girl.

With a blanket spread upon the ground and with his coat for a pillow, McFarland made a couch for his wife. The committee drew near to where she lay, facing the west and the great gaunt limb of the oak casting its shadow over her. He was pinching up the skin carefully, preparatory to inserting the needle, when Davis suddenly called upon him to stop.

"No, you don't!" he cried, with a catch in his voice. "You'll take that dope yourself." And, strangely enough, the committee agreed with him to a man.

The girl protested that she had absolutely no fear, but Davis would hear of nothing now but that McFarland himself should be given the hypodermic. So it was that he changed places with his wife, and she very faintly, and not a little frightened, administered the injection to him.

"How long will it be before you come out o' that, Doc?" asked Fallon, as McFarland lay back on the blanket, smiling at the girl who sat on the grass beside him, her hand in his.

"Three or four hours at the most," was the reply.

The committee put in the time playing three-card monte. They became so interested in their game that it was nearly five o'clock, by Fallon's Waterbury, when they threw down their cards.

"Ain't it time he was wakin' up?" queried Davis, strolling over to the girl.

She knew quite a little about medicine, having quizzed McFarland in his student days, and now, with a pretty professional air, she felt of his pulse. It was full, slow and strong. She also noted that his respiration was slow and deep. "I'm afraid that might have been a very large dose, and he's not very strong," she returned, a trifle anxiously. "The effect may not pass off for an hour yet."

The committee dealt another hand around.

The girl kept her fingers on McFarland's wrist.

As the sun dropped lower in the west, a look of great anxiety spread over Kate's features. Bruce's pulse grew feebler, more rapid; his respirations became distant, slower, and imperfect, and were interrupted by intervals of almost death-like quiet. The girl became frightened. She tried to rouse her husband. The men left their cards and stood around her, looking solemnly down at McFarland's pallid face.

"Can't you wake him?" asked Davis.

"No!" she sobbed.

Fallon ran to a nearby brook and filling his hat, dashed the water into Bruce's face.

Davis laid his ear to McFarland's breast. Then he rose and, with a sigh, turned away. Fallon bent over the still figure, vainly seeking for some show of life. Finally he looked up at his companions and shook his head.

It was a remorseful vigilance committee that drew aside and consulted as to what should be done. Fallon's suggestion—that he take the girl to his wife and leave the committee to bear the body to the shack—was adopted. But when he asked Kate to go with him, she refused, and begged them to leave her alone.

They left her then, Fallon promising the others that in a little while he would return with his wife.

The sun flung a long russet trail across the plain and up the mountain slope, enveloping the form of the man, lying, like one asleep, upon the green sward, and the girl who knelt silently beside him, staring with wild, dry eyes into that pale face.

Nature was effecting a change in the landscape; the day was dying. Nature was also effecting a change in the man; he was returning to life. And that return from a period of suspended life, caused by the overdose of morphine, was as gradual as the passing of the day.

With returning consciousness, the man opened his eyes. The first object they beheld was the girl, her head haloed with the lingering light. There was ecstatic wonder—madness, almost—in the look she fixed upon him; and so still she knelt there that, but for the quivering of her half-parted lips, he must have thought her some glorious image, like those niched in cathedral alcoves. But he found, when his arms were about her and her head was on his shoulder, that she was only a woman.

WHY

Liberia Deserves Commendation for War Work

Among the enemies of Germany, let us not forget Liberia. This tiny African republic entered the war in all seriousness, has contributed to the victory and bears some honorable scars. It established compulsory military service and sent hundreds of laborers into France for war work. It expects a seat somewhere near the foot of the great peace table.

Some two hundred German citizens controlled 75 per cent of Liberia's commercial activities before the war. These two hundred are now interned in France, and the government took over their enterprises and sold them at auction. It will be remembered that the republic's entire navy was sunk by the Germans last April. It consisted of one small vessel, and the submarine that punctured its hull also shelled Monrovia, the Liberian capital, and killed ten people.

Liberia's military authorities established a basis for determining liability to army duty which is the acme of simplicity. Natives without clothes are not eligible for service, but as soon as a man puts on shirt and trousers he automatically becomes liable for enrollment and service. This is on the authority of Bishop Alexander P. Camphor, head of the Methodist church in the republic. Though Liberia's part in the war has been small, it has been none the less creditable.

POWER OF MIND OVER BODY

Why Ending of War Had Such Good Effect on Soldiers Suffering From Shell Shock.

The fact as stated by Surgeon General Ireland that "more than 2,000 American soldiers in France suffering from shell shock were cured by news of the signing of the armistice" is an interesting contribution to the pathology of nervous disease. These war-hospital patients were not suffering from an imaginary ailment; the physical manifestations of their affliction were apparent, amounting in some cases to bodily disfigurement. Yet their cure seems to have been entirely due to the influence of the imagination, being instantly effected by their realization that they would not again be subjected to the same experience.

This evidence of the mind's power over the body will afford great satisfaction to believers in the efficacy of mental or spiritual methods of healing. What have the materialists to say about it? Psychiatrists will allege the capacity of their art to cure disease of this nature, and according to a statement from the surgeon general's office "improved methods of combating the affliction" in army hospitals have materially reduced it.

Yet the fact remains of nature's dramatic and immediate cure by the simple means of removing apprehension. Medical practice has still some way to go before equaling this demonstration of the great possibilities in mental healing.

How Explorer Fared in Arctic.

Another cherished illusion is dispelled and relegated to the junk heap of vivid misconceptions that have suddenly faded. Explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson, who has returned from a five-years' cruise in the regions around the North pole, tells us that the frigid terror we have pictured in our minds. It is much cooler in central Siberia than at Herschel island. Even near the geographical pole the climate never gets really bad, although the mercury occasionally runs down to 60 below zero! Indeed, it was so mild and comfortable with physical comfort that he usually dozed on the porch of his igloo and passed the evening in his underwear, resting at night in his sleeping bag. His underwear, by the way, was of reindeer's skin with the fur side inside. He has explored some 250,000 square miles amid all kinds of weather, and claims to have suffered no hardships until his return to civilization.

How Red Cross Worked in Italy.

We have had our "Little Italy" and other transplantations from the Old World to the New, but the case is reversed—"Little America" in Italy—as seen in an article from the Corriere della Sera, the great Milan newspaper: "The heat is merciless. On the roadside, under the shade of a cluster of trees, stands a hut with an Italian flag and a flag showing a field of blue with stars, red and white stripes. The soldiers crowd the place. This is a rest house of the American Red Cross. Here our great American ally brings a lot of good things. Coffee, cool drinks, bread, chocolate—as we once knew it—and crackers—we no longer are accustomed to.

"The soldiers have already baptized these rest houses. They call them in a jocular way 'American bars,' and when from afar they see on the road the tricolor and the Stars and Stripes they cry, 'Let us go to visit America!'"

Why City Men Make Good Farmers.

Use of city men as farm workers in emergency seasons has demonstrated not only that many men employed in cities and towns were reared on farms and are skilled in harvest labor, but also that city men can stand the heat and exertion of the harvest field, and attack their tasks with willfulness and patriotic enthusiasm. This was reported by the federal farm help specialist in Kentucky at the department of agriculture's recent labor conference in Birmingham, Ala.

STAUBS THEATRE

Thursday Night, March 27
RAY COMSTOCK & WM. ELLIOTT PRESENT
The Fifth Avenue, New York, Princess Theatre, Musical Comedy Success
"OH LADY! LADY!!"
Gala Musical Event of the Season A Merry Cast and Girls that Gladden

Friday Night, March 28
OSCAR F. HODGE PRESENTS
NEIL O'BRIEN GREAT AMERICAN MINSTRELS
Made In America
The National Laugher Institution A Song, a Dance, or a Laugh from Beginning to End

Monday Night March 31
HENRY W. SAVAGE OFFERS
The Musical Comedy D light Whose Tinkling Tunes Have Set All Your America To Dancing
HAVE A HEART
A Standard Henry W. Savage Cast, Fashion Show, Beauty Chorus, Company's Own Orchestra

TO JOHN W. WHEELER TRUSTEE AND THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

Mary Elizabeth Trotter et al. vs Samuel B. Trotter, et al.

State of Tennessee, In Chancery Court of Knox County. No. 16524

In this cause, it appearing from the bill filed, which is sworn to, that the defendants, John W. Wheeler Trustee, and Home Sewing Machine Company are non residents of the State of Tennessee, so that the ordinary process cannot be served upon them, it is ordered that said defendants appear before the Chancery Court at Knoxville, Tennessee, on or before the 1st Monday of May next, and make defense to said bill, or the same will be taken for confessed and set for hearing, ex parte, as to them. This notice will be published in the Knoxville Independent for four consecutive weeks.

This 22nd day of March 1919
J. C. FORD, C. & M.
A. C. Grimm, Sol.
March 22 29 April 5 12 1919

NOTICE OF INSOLVENCY.

To the Creditors of Martha Watson, deceased: I, the undersigned administrator of the estate of Martha Watson, deceased, having suggested to the County Court Clerk of Knox County, Tennessee, the insolvency of said estate, do hereby notify all persons holding claims against said estate to file said claims, duly authenticated in the manner prescribed by law with the County Court Clerk of said county on or before the 30th day of June 1919 or same will be forever barred in law and equity.

Any one indebted to the said estate is requested also to make settlement with me at once.

This 22nd day of March 1919
A. E. Dunsmore, Administrator
S. E. Hodges, Sol.
Mar 22 29 Apr 5 12 1919

HOW THE BRITISH NAVY HAS KEPT OCEAN OPEN TO WORLD'S TRADE.

During June alone British ships steamed 8,000,000 miles, so says the head of the British government as he points out the picture of the work of the British sea dogs—the watchdogs along all the lanes of the seven seas. Added to all else, the British fleet has made secure for trade, measurably so, the sea traffic of all waters, and not a German flag aside from those of the submarines has dared to show itself. At first a raider or so appeared and was shot to pieces.

Well does the British premier, without any disparagement to the other allies, point to the fact that the German land offensive might have been disastrous if successful, but the sea offensive would have been fatal. The possibility of American transportation to the war areas would have ceased with destruction of the British fleet. France, Italy and Great Britain threatened with starvation—the war would have been over. The British navy at the outbreak of the war had a tonnage of two and a half million; today it has a tonnage, with auxiliary ships, of eight million. Its vast preponderance over the fleets of its allies has made it the one outstanding guarantor for the security of the seas from enemy assaults, and even in the case of the submarines there have been 150 of these sunk, mostly in the course of the past year. Great Britain has given freedom of the seas to the allied and neutral shipping—Baltimore American.

NO PROSPECT OF SEX WAR

Equal Pay for Equal Work Will Be Solution of Problem of Women in Industry.

There is no danger of a "sex war" in this country because of the employment of women in industry, the Young Women's Christian association war work council announced.

"The national war labor board," said a report of the council, "has stood squarely for the proposition of equal pay for equal work, and its first step in this direction was with the General Electric company at Pittsfield, Mass., where equal conditions for men and women now prevail."

The board has appointed Miss Margaret Dismore, especially released from the British Labor ministry by Premier Lloyd George for this purpose, it was announced. Miss Dismore will have charge of a corps of investigators who are co-operating with Y. W. C. A. officials in the supervision of women in industry, and officials at Washington state that the equal pay principle will eliminate any possibility of a so-called "sex war."

"The big problem today," said a Y. W. C. A. war council official, "is not any problem of a sex war, but to place woman in industry so that they can release fighting men for the provost marshal general and the department of labor. American men and women have no time to think of any 'sex wars.'"

Training Skilled Laborers.

An interesting war-time labor development which will be of special importance during the time of reconstruction after the war is the war department's plan to train 200,000 national army men in trades of special military value. Already large numbers of these men have undertaken the training courses at schools and colleges—110 in all—in every part of the United States.

The training the men are receiving is, of course, primarily to fit them for effective work in France or in duty of military importance at home, but most of the trades, if not all of them, in fact, will have an important peacetime value as well. The problems of the reconstruction period cannot be foreseen with any certainty now, but the creation of this reserve of mechanically trained men will no doubt be of importance in the reorganization of industry on a peace basis.

"LUNCH DOGS" CARRY FOOD

How the French Troops in Isolated Trenches Are Supplied With Their Needed Rations.

Trench warfare certainly interferes with the fighter's meals. After capturing the enemy's position in particular, is the fighter at a loss to know how he will get his regular rations; for no sooner does the enemy find himself dispossessed from his original trenches than he opens up with an intense barrage fire designed to prevent ammunition and food from reaching the new occupants.

The French army believes it has solved the problem of carrying food to men in isolated trenches, in its lunch dogs. Carrying light lunches and coffee, and even cartridges for the men in the first-line trenches when the combat is hot and protracted, these splendidly trained dogs are more certain to get through barbed wire than men. Each dog is equipped with a sort of double bag, strapped tight over its body and provided with numerous pockets for food, coffee cans, ammunition and other supplies.

It is at the military dog training grounds at Paris that dogs are prepared for this service. Not only are these four-legged couriers taught to avoid the enemy and beware of tricks, but also to crawl on their stomachs in order to escape flying bullets. Special masks are provided for these dogs when they must pass through a poison gas area.

SANITARIUM FOR GARMENT WORKERS.

The officials of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' union announced the purchase of a 300-acre farm at Mount Hope, Orange county, New York, for its tuberculosis sanitarium. The organization will take up the work of the Sanitarium association, which has been conducting agitation for the institution several years. Support will come from an assessment of \$1 a year each on all members, and all will be eligible to admission.